

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



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HQ

"B"

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TORONTO, ONT.

FEBRUARY, 1933

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Trumpet Major and Sergeant of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Personal & Regimental

OFFICERS MESS DANCE

The Mess fittingly decorated for the occasion saw the annual party given by the Officers of Cavalry Barracks, on Friday, January the 20th.

The guests, largely Montrealers, numbered about one hundred and fifty. Brigadier W. W. P. Gibsone, C.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., commanding M.D. 4 and Mrs. Gibsone; Lt.-Col. B. W. Brown, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Brown; Lt.-Col. F. R. Phelan, D.S.O., M.C., V.D., (Can. Gren. Gards) and Mrs. Phelan; Lt.-Col. D. Bowie, D.S.O. and Mrs. Bowie; Lt.-Col. B. C. Hutchison, D.Y.R.C.H.; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. T. Patterson; Lt.-Col. S. A. Rolland (Victoria Rifles) and Mrs. Rolland; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Muirhead; Major F. M. McCulloch, Mr. Allan Mackay, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Caldwell, Major V. Hodson, Major and Mrs. M. H. A. Drury, Capt. and Mrs. J. Wood, Lieuts. D. B. Buell, J. H. Larocque, and E. W. Berwick.

A box stall was fitted up at the entrance of the Mess which was occupied by "Teddy" (A. 2) who never looked better in all his sixteen years of service and who added considerably to the spirit of the evening.

On Monday January the 31st The Royal Canadian School of Cavalry commenced their six weeks course of instruction at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

The following N.C.O's and Officers attending the course are :

2/nd Lieut. E. C. Archibald, K.C.H.
Lieut. L. M. Byron, N.B.D.
Lieut. F. L. Price, 8th Hrs.
Sgt. J. A. Bernatchez, N.B.D.
Sgt. H. I. Robinson, K.C.H.
Sgt. E. S. Skeffing, P.E.I.L.H.
Cpl. G. S. Morrison, P.E.I.L.H.
Cpl. E. F. Alward, N.B.D.
Cpl. Crealock, 8th Hrs.
Cpl. D. P. March, 8th Hrs.
Tpr. R. D. Watson, N.B.D.

A Mess dinner was given in the Officer's Mess at Stanley Barracks on January 27th to all the commanding Officers of the Toronto Garrison.

The Colonel, Gen. Williams, G.M.G. was present. 28 were present and a most enjoyable time was spent by all.

MAJOR JAMES, R.C.D.

The late Major James' name has been added to the Brass Plate erected in the St. Johns Garrison Church Toronto, to the memory of Officers of the Regiment killed, or died of wounds received in the Great War.

REGIMENTAL HISTORY

A short history, just published of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, illustrated, price \$1.00 per copy post free. Apply either to The Goat Office, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., or to the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

The Personnel of Cavalry Barracks extend their sincerest sympathies to Sgt. Jewkes and family on the recent serious illness of Mrs. Jewkes and young son Peter. We all wish them a speedy recovery.

Our congratulations are extended to L/Cpl. J. Watson, R.C.D. of Cavalry Barracks on the arrival of a son and heir on the 11th of January, also to Cpl. Desnoyers on attaining the rank of Sergeant, R.C.D.

The personnel of Cavalry Barracks, extend their deepest sympathy to Trooper and Mrs. Ome-lusk, R.C.D. on the sad loss of her Mother, who passed away on Christmas Day, 1932.

We congratulate the team which regained possession of the Rector's Cup, for the winner of an annual Billiard Match against the St. Johns Mens Club.

REUNION DINNER

The officers Annual re-union dinner will be held in the Officers Mess, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, April the 22nd, 1933.

In Wednesday February 8th, His Worship Mayor Stewart and City Clerk Somers, lunched in the Officers' Mess, Stanley Barracks, and presented to the Regiment an Illuminated address commemorating the success of the Canadian Army Team at the Royal Winter Fair in November. This is the fourth Illuminated Address that the Toronto City Council has presented to the Regiment.

Among the new subscribers to "The Goat" this month are our friends from London, Ont., "The 1st Hussars," (Sergeants Mess) They also send "With best regards to all members of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, from the Sergeants of the 1st Hussars."

In the Competition for the Masters Shield on February 4th, the Dragoons were very much in the limelight. Capt. Bate on Spats won first, and after jumping off on Mountain Top, with Lieut. Phillips on Mussolini, and Paul Higginson Lady Byng, also won third. Lieut. Phillips won the fourth ribbon with his horse.

Capt. L. D. Hammond, and S. S.M.I. J. King have proceeded to Peterborough to conduct a Provisional School of Cavalry, and Capt. C. C. Mann, with S/Inst. R. Harris are in St. Catharines conducting another school.

S/Sgt. W. C. Hare passed in Economics as a part of his qualification for Special Certificate of Education held in October 1932. Congratulation are therefore extended to this scholar.

MASTERS' SHIELD COMPETITION

The competition for the Masters Shield continues to be close, and as the event draws to a close, the R.C.D. members improve. On Saturday January 14th Lt. Phillips won fourth place after a jump off, and the other members of the Dragoons showed considerable improvement. The score after this competition were:

Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. on Gold Leaf—1 fault
Capt. S. C. Bate, on Keodore—2 1/2 fault
Capt. S. C. Bate, on Mountain Top,—1 fault.
Capt. S. C. Bate on Bendoe—3 1/2 faults.
Capt. S. C. Bate on Spats—7 faults.
Capt. C. C. Mann, on Bonte, 4 1/2 faults.
Lieut. A. P. Ardagh on Belfast Mary—3 faults.
Lieut. A. P. Ardagh on Mike—5 faults.
Lieut. H. A. Phillips, on Adjutant—5 faults.
Lieut. H. A. Phillips, on Mussolini—1/2 (Fourth place.)

On February 4th, the Dragoons really came into their own, and won three of the four places. Capt. S. C. Bate on Spats was first, and he also won third with Mountain Top. Lieut. Phillips was again fourth with Mussolini, after Jumping off with Lady Byng and Mountain Top.

The Garrison Boxing tournament will be held under the auspices of the C.P.R., A.A.A. Association at the Club House on Friday February 17th, 1933.

Those men from Cavalry Barracks taking part are:

Tpr. J. Dunk, R.C.D.
Tpr. T. Gell, R.C.D.
Tpr. J. P. Wendon, R.C.D.
Pte. C. Cameron, R.C.R.
Pte T Brier, R.C.R.

Full particulars of the Tournament will be given in next month's issue.



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A Regimental March. Sergeants Mess Notes.

A Regimental March has been adopted and set to sheet music.

The Regiment is also in possession of this music in the form of band cards for a 62 piece band.

This March will be used on all ceremonial occasions when a band is present and for Musical Ride entry and exit march.

Copies of the March arranged as Pianoforte (solo sheet) music can be obtained for 35c a copy from the canteen at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

We would greatly appreciate it if those moving, or those thinking of changing their address would please notify "The Goat" office, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, so as to insure the prompt arrival of their issue.

"Soup is no good with salt alone, and intellect is but the salt."—Lady Reading.

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St. Johns, Que.

On Saturday, January 21st the members of the Sergeants Mess were the guests of the members of the Sergeants Mess, 17th D.Y.R.C. H. of whom twelve journeyed to the Farm, headed by R.S.M. Jack Snape, whom we all remember as the Regimental Quarter-Block. at this time it is fitting to mention that Jack is looking exceedingly well, and does not appear to have met Mr. Depression yet. A goodly number of Mess and Honorary Members were on hand to welcome the visitors, and after the usual shaking of hands the evening soon got under way. Our visitors gave a very good account of themselves in the entertainment line, and a lot of old time songs etc., were heard, all of which kept everybody in the best of spirits. S.M.I. T. A. Aisthorpe, R.C.D., D.C.M., M.M., addressing the gathering, voiced the opinion of all by saying that a few more of these little parties, at more frequent intervals would be very welcome, as it tends to bring the two Units in closer touch with each other, and could be made beneficial to all in more ways than one. R.S.M. Jack Snape in his reply strongly upheld this suggestion and promised that it would not be very long before we all join together for another such enjoyable evening, and expressed the hope that the St. Johns Mess would pay Montreal a return visit. The latter was supported by all present.

Our genial visitors comprised the follows:

R.S.M. Jack Snape, 17 D.Y.R.C.H.	
Bandmaster Strathearn	"
S.S.M. Memory,	"
Sgt. Bowman	"
Sgt. Baker	"
Sgt. Grundy	"
Sgt. Lancaster	"
Stg. Cleary	"
Sgt. Elder	"
Sgt. Instr. Lacerte	R.C.D.

Closing time came all too soon, but during the short time at our disposal, there was not a minute lost, and when time for leaving came, everybody was of the opinion that it was time well spent, and one of the best little evenings yet.

EGLINGTON HUNT CLUB

Indoor Polo

The initial appearance of the Royal Canadian Dragoons team was watched with keen interest, when they took the "field" in an exhibition game against the York Polo Club, Toronto's entry in the Indoor Polo League, and although the Army team was defeated 11-3 the game was much closer than the score would indicate. The game which was reduced to three chukkers was a thrilling one to watch, and but for their poor marksmanship, the Dragoons would have been much closer to their opponents' score, many chances being lost through bad shooting. It was the first appearance of the Army team, and they certainly gave very indication that they would give further good accounts of themselves as the season improves. The York Polo club, who have been practising faithfully for some weeks, in preparation for the strenuous schedule ahead of them, are perhaps the best team in competition in Canada, and although they won by an easy margin, they had to fight every moment of the game. Our horses stood up very well under the strange conditions, and the showing of the team deserves the highest commendation. The scorers for the Dragoons were Lt. Phillips 2, and Lieut. Ardagh 1. Captain C. C. Mann was the third member of the team.

PREPONDERANCE OF ST. JOHNS NEWS

This is largely due to the Toronto correspondents either being lazy and letting events go by without recording them or else being too slow in sending their news along in time for the current month's edition.

Buck up Toronto, send along all your news and a record of your activities in the realms of sport, your entertainments, news of your families, also news of the N.P.A. M. Cavalry, and what have you?

Girl (to taxi driver lover)—"You've got a 'hard 'eart Energy."

Taxi driver: "No I ain't Gert. That's my number plate you've got your 'ead against."

CAVALRY BARRACKS

BILLIARD TEAM

On Wednesday February the 4, the Cavalry Barracks Billiard team motored up to Montreal where they attended the Annual Billiard and Bowling Tournament held in the C.P.R. A.A.A., Club House, where they had the honour of playing the C.P.R. Members in a closely fought game of Billiards.

The game was played in four relays, the men from the Garrison giving a very good account of themselves.

After the Tournament a banquet was held in the Club House which was enjoyed by all.

C.P.R.

H. Meador	200
H. Wilson	138
M. Young	154
J. Forrester	129
T. Galbraith	175
R. Summers	200
M. Moulton	200
B. Sheldon	200
	1396

GARRISON

Pte. Zwicker, A.S.C.	141
Tpr. Manning, R.C.D.	200
Tpr. Madden, R.C.D.	200
L. Gage, St. Johns	200
L/C. Russell, R.C.D.	200
Pte. Cook, R.C.R.	179
Spr. Guthroe, R.C.E.	191
Pte. Brown, R.C.R.	185
	1496

The Billiard Team was accompanied by?

Q.M.S. Ellis, R.C.R.
L/C. Munroe, R.C.D.
Pte. Stevens, R.C.R.
Tpr. Benton, R.C.D.

Corporal, (giving evidence) I was on canteen duty at the time, Sir, and was in the row when the room began—I mean Sir, that I was in the room when the row began, and I saw the accused trooper—whom I now identify, deliberately strike trooper—But Trooper—was too smart for him Sir, he hit him first.

Sir W. Robertson is Dead in London.

Rose From Ranks to Receive Field Marshall's Baton

(To the courtesy of the Montreal Daily Star.)

London, February 13th.—Soldiers and statesmen joined today in expressing the nation's regret over the loss of Field Marshal Sir William Robertson who died at his London home here yesterday, aged 75.

In 1929, in recognition of his War services, he received a baronetcy, official thanks of Parliament and a grant of £10,000.

Sir William, the only man in the army who rose from the ranks to become field marshal, was considered one of the greatest military scientists in the United Kingdom. He has been a soldier for 43 years, when he retired in 1920 to become a vigorous worker for the cause of peace.

Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald was visibly affected when he heard of Sir William's death. He remarked that after gaining almost every distinction military life could give him he ended his days as "one of the most forceful and convincing friends of the cause of peace."

Responsible for Victory.

Lord Allenby, renowned for his services on the Western Front, in Egypt and in Palestine, declared Sir William was a man of sterling worth and splendid achievements, whose death was a very great loss to the nation. "His work in France as at home," Lord Allenby said, "was very largely responsible for victory."

Field Marshall Sir Claud Jacob, former commander-in-chief of British forces in India, said he regarded Sir William as one of Britain's finest soldiers and that he regretted his work during the war, "which was of a very high order," was not more fully recognized. He paid tribute to him for "his sympathy with the British soldier and his rugged honesty which gave all ranks the greatest confidence in him."

Earl Cavan, former chief of the

Imperial General Staff, said Sir William's death was a great loss to the army. His judgment, he said, was always sound and his views expressed with crystal clarity."

Great Soldier

"A great soldier and a sturdy figure! Everyone who know him will sincerely regret his passing," General Sir Arthur Currie, principal of McGill University and commander-in-chief of the Canadian Corps in France, said last night in paying tribute to Field Marshal Sir William Robertson.

"Although I cannot say I knew him intimately," said Sir Arthur, "I met him on many occasions and had a sincere regard for him. His was a remarkable career in British army life and his rise from the ranks to the position of Field Marshall was an example and an inspiration to all who came in contact with him. His life was evidence of what can be done by devotion to duty and common sense."

"His sound common sense and broad humanity—two outstanding characteristics—resulted in the wide-spread feeling among those who had business with him that he could be implicitly trusted. He was never the political soldier. He had been a great quartermaster, and realized what troops needed in the field and saw that they should get it within the measure of his powers."

"Field Marshall" Sir William—or "Billy" as he was affectionately known among the troops—did not command on the field. He served on the staff throughout the war and it was there he rendered his great service. He will be affectionately remembered and widely mourned."

The secret of success lies in embracing every opportunity of seeking high and right ends, and in never forgetting that golden rule of catechism "of doing your duty in that station of life to which it shall please God to call you."—Duke of Wellington.

"If we destroy nationalism then we wreck nature's scheme for the creation of bigger and better races of mankind.—Sir Arthur Keith

ST. JOHNS HOCKEY LEAGUE

The Garrison Hockey team played its last game of the season on Monday February 13th.

All through the season these games have been well played, every man turning out and doing his bit no matter what the odds were. This spirit means a lot, especially when things look bad for a team and one is inclined to say "Well, what's the use."

It has generally been commented on by various spectators outside of the Regiment that the Garrison has improved greatly since last season. We hope to have the opposing teams sit up, and take notice next year.

These men and the stick carriers deserve a lot of credit for the fine way in which they have played the game. We certainly appreciate the services of Gaudette, and wish to thank him for helping out as he has during the season.

The following is the line up for the Garrison.

D'Orsonnens, goal; Marinier, defence; Carpenter, defence; E. Forgraves, centre; Gaudette, wing; Wish, wing; Hone, wing; Subs. Deleselue, Ross, Reid, Jewkes.

The standing of the teams for the season is as follows:

	P	W	L	D	Pts
Champlain	15	11	2	2	24
Monarch	15	8	5	2	18
Garrison	15	5	9	1	11
Salon	15	2	10	3	7

A GOOD MEMORY NEEDED

The drill-sergeant of about two hundred years ago must have had a tolerable memory. How's this for the Manual:—

"March with your rest in your hand Unshoulder your musket Poise your musket. Take forth your musket. Blow off your coil. Cock your match. Try your match. Guard, blow and open your pan. Present. Give fire. Dismount your musket. Uncock your match. Return your match. Clear your pan. Prime your pan. Shut your pan. Cast off your loose powder. Cast about your musket. Trail your rest. Open your charge. Charge your musket. Draw forth your scouring stick. Shorten your scouring stick. Return your scouring stick. Recover your musket. Draw out your match."

ABOUT THE SPATS

Spats were first introduced in 1826, when they were issued to the Black Watch, to commemorate the endurance of the Highlanders in the retreat to Coruna during the Peninsular campaign.

The "Black Watch" formed part of Sir John Moore's army which attempted to drive the French from Spain. Inadequately supported and unable to cope with the vastly superior forces sent against him, Sir John was compelled to fall back to the seacoast, and on Christmas Day, 1808, he commenced his disastrous but masterly retreat.

The exhausted British troops made their way for 250 miles along roads deep in snow and mud, over mountains and through narrow defiles, harassed continually by the enemy and almost destitute of the necessities of life. Transport was hopelessly deficient, supplies were lacking, the roads strewn with broken waggons, dead horses and dead men. By day and by night, mile after mile marched the army through driving storms of rain, sleeping in the mud and eating when they could.

Boots worn down, many a man marched barefooted, his feet bruised and bleeding. The Highlanders, suffering severely, tore their shirts into strips to bind their lacerated feet, and Spats were the official recognition of that incident.

A young attached Officer had just arrived at Barracks to attend the Royal School of Cavalry, it was rather late in the evening, and the trumpeter was playing a mournful call.

"I say "said the Officer to his batman." "What's that er'er tune they are playing?"

"Why Sir, "answered the man in surprised tones, "That's the last post."

"Is it, by Jove? said the officer, "well, just run along and find out if there is any thing for me."

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been soldier, politician, secretary of state for war, under secretary of state for air, president of the air council, and chairman of the national savings committee.

He is a family man with four sons and four daughter, as well as an energetic public figure. Above all, he is an optimist who believes that times are better for most people in spite of the prevailing pessimism; he believes also in the "essential nobility of the English character."

Recently, at a public dinner, he was not ashamed to weep in recalling the gallantry of a young officer killed in the great war. In "For Ever England" (Hodder and Stoughton,) which might be described as a John Bull specific for national debility, he is not ashamed to display the poet in him in describing the song of a nightingale amid the machine-gun and shell fire and desolation of the Somme battlefield:

As I stood very still, thrilled by this sweet sound, I could see by the light of the tiny crescent moon, which was setting behind me to my right, the little bird clearly outlined against the sky, its throat vibrating as it poured out its wonderful melody; and I could see, too, not three feet above my head, the nest in which I knew would be setting the mate to whom the song was rendered. In happy times of peace at home I had managed to creep to similar trees and listen to this divine music.

A lover of nature, and especially of the sea, which he has to combat in its angriest moods, he is also a lover of man. The crux of his message is that "when a crisis comes, involving the honor of King, country, and family, the English in overwhelming majority do not fail"; and he cites in support of his contention the lives of shepherd, villager, fisherman, sailor, lighthouse keeper, as well as of eminent public men.

* * * *

A typical example, on the one hand, is the old fellow of sixty-five who volunteered to take him across the Solent from Lymington to Yarmouth in a gale when he had received a telegram saying his father was dangerously ill.

General Seely boarded Doe's small boat in pitch darkness and pouring rain. On the stormy and risky crossing they drifted into a turmoil of waters known as Fiddler's Race, where they encountered steep, breaking seas eight or ten feet high, and but for energetic bailing and skilled seamanship would never have survived. They only just managed to keep their little craft afloat:

"That was a near thing," said Doe, after we had tied up to a barge, moored near the quay.

"Yes," I said, "I can never thank you enough for having got me across."

He said: "Don't you worry about that. I knew your Dad was that ill, you'd got to get across somehow."

* * * *

So much for the old heart-of-oak; now for the other example. Bron Herbert (Lord Lucas,) one of the general's most intimate friends, had a leg shot off in the South African war. In spite of this handicap, he raised and commanded a troop of Yeomanry formed from men of the New Forest. General Seely, who was in command of the regiment at the time, says:

He would come to me of a morning, when we were at our annual training, and say to me, "I want to ask you a very confidential question. At today's manoeuvres, had I better wear my walking leg or my riding leg? Because, as you know, I cannot walk with my riding leg and I cannot ride with my walking leg." Then would tell him so far as I could foretell, which leg he would want. If I had guessed wrong, and told him the wrong leg, he would be hopelessly crippled, and suffer great pain, but this never stopped him going on with the manoeuvre. I have often begged him to get on his pony and ride home, when he found himself commanding a dismounted troop, with his riding leg, but always he steadfastly refused.

When the great war came Herbert decided that the only possible chance of active service for

a one legged man was in the air. As soon as he had qualified as a pilot he went to the prime minister, tendered his resignation as minister of agriculture, and was duly appointed to the flying corps in the eastern theatre of war.

* * * *

One evening in the early winter of 1916, toward the "dreary close" of the Somme Battle, General Seely went to flying headquarters to arrange for the loan of an aeroplane in which to fly over the German sector opposite his, for observation purposes. He had to wait in a ground-floor room:

As I sat in this dimly-lighted room, I kept on thinking about my friend Bron, from whom I had received a letter a few days before, written from the eastern war front, where I believed him still to be. Just while I was pondering about him and his inflexible courage, there was a tapping on the window. I drew aside the blanket, and dimly saw a face through the glass, by the light of the candle. I threw open the window and said: "Is there anything I can do for you?" The face came into the light of the candle, and a well-loved voice shouted out. 'Jack!' I said 'Bron! Come in.' He had his flying leg on—a further addition to his equipment—but he managed to scramble up and get his good leg through the window. I hauled in his flying leg, and he rolled on the floor.

Bron, it transpired, had picked up a machine at St. Omer immediately he arrived in France, lost his way in the darkness, and crashed; his machine was smashed to matchwood, and he was badly battered and bruised, having had a miraculous escape from death.

A few days later "he made a flight over the German lines on November 3rd, 1916, from which he did not return....."

Such, in epitome, is the spirit "For Ever England," as General Seely understands it. His book is a pastiche of isolated impressions linked with philosophy, but through them pulses the heart of an Englishman who has ac-

quired that most priceless possession: the warm, understanding human touch.—John o'London's Weekly.

THE DIGNITY OF OFFICE

Place. Piccadilly Circus outside Criterion.

Time. 3 pip emma a few months after Armistice.

I have waited quite one solid hour for one who apparently had no intention of keeping the appointment.

I am raging; murder is in my heart. A perfectly good afternoon ruined. Thousands of officers pass. Because they look not for it, saluting never even occurs to me. One pompous little beast passes and then re-passes looking straight at me. Again he passes and I look calmly upon his dignity of one pip. He stops I continue in the enjoyment of a cigarette. "Look here, my man, don't you know who I am?"

"Haven't the slightest."

"I am an officer, damn it all; can't you see...why did you not salute me?" he spluttered.

"Is that all?; why tell me?; my eyes are in good working order." "Sir you are impertinent...answer my question...why did you not salute me?"

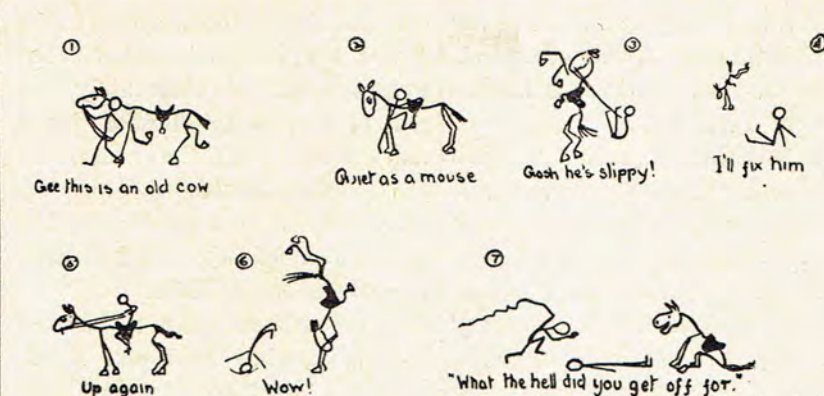
"Suppose I didn't feel like it"

His face grew red as he eyed me from head to foot. All he could say as he spotted my cap badge was, "Ugh thought so. Canadian and sailed off to enjoy the pip that had evidently been dished out to him a week or so previous.

BILLIARDS

Stanley Barracks regain Rector's Cup

The Annual competition for the Rector's Cup was held at the St. Johns Mens Club, on Friday Jan. 27th, 1933, and resulted in a win for the Barracks by the narrow margin of ten points. The match which was a series of six games total points to count, was very evenly contested, each team winning three games, and the issue was in doubt until the last game had been played. Going into the last two games, the Barracks team were 86 points behind, but Private



Gilbert, and Trooper Berkin won easy victories to enable the Barracks Team to finish ten points ahead.

Private Gilbert, scored the highest beak of the evening with a break of thirty, and Tpr. Berkins was a close second with twenty-five. The complete results of the games are given below.

After the match, the team was entertained to supper and on invitation to join the St. Johns Mens Club was tendered by their Secretary.

St. Johns Mens Club—Stanley Bks.			
Mr. Jordon	100	Tpr. Butler	52
Mr. Thorpe	100	" Ferguson	91
Mr. Aspinall	100	Pte. Turnbull	68
Mr. Smith	52	" Gilbert	100
Mr. West	97	L/Cpl Horan	100
Mr. Lewis	52	Tpr. Berkin	100
		501	511

A RATTY PROPOSITION

Seeing that you are always interested and open for investment in any good live proposition, I take the liberty of presenting to you what seems to be a most wonderful business in which no doubt you will take a lively interest, perhaps writing by return mail specifying the amount of stock you wish to subscribe towards the formation of a new company.

The object of the corporation is to operate a large cat ranch in or about Elmhurst, where the land can be procured cheap and is most suitable for this purpose.

To begin with we shall collect about 1,000,000 cats. Each cat will average twelve kittens per annum. The skins run from ten cents for the white ones to seventy five cents for the pure black. This will give us 12,000,000 skins per year to sell at an average of thirty cents, making a revenue of \$10,000

per day gross.

A man can skin fifty cats at \$2.00, it will therefore take 100 men to operate the ranch, and the profit will be about 9,800 per day.

We propose to feed the cats on rats, and will start a rat ranch next door, Rats multiply four times as quickly as the cats.

If we start with 1,000,000 rats we shall have four rats a day for each cat, which is plenty.

We propose to feed the rats on the carcasses of the cats from which the skins have been taken, giving each rat one-fourth of a cat.

It is therefore clear that the business will be self acting and automatic all the way through, the cats will eat the rats, the rats will eat the cats, and we shall get the skins.

Awaiting your prompt reply and trusting that you appreciate this opportunity to get rich quick.

The Judas Fur Company Inc.

A Church dignitary, on a visit to a Corps Headquarters, was asked by the general, who, was noted for getting work out of every one, to hold a few impromptu services. A labour corps recently recruited, was digging drains in the neighborhood, The General suggested that the men might feel more at their ease if the dignitary carried some service books in a working-man's red pocket handkerchief.

They set out together and had not gone far when forcible adject-

tives rent the air. These emanated from the wielder of a pick-axe, which appeared at intervals above the ground surface.

The dignitary approached and said "My man do you know Satan?" "No: was the reply" mebbe my mate does" He called into the bowels of the earth "Hi Bill, do you know Satan?"

A voice from the depths, "No, what you you want im for?"

To which No I replied "A bloke up here has brought his dinner."

TROOPER CAMPBELL, R.C.D. MET WITH A VERY SEVERE AND PAINFUL ACCIDENT

Trooper Campbell, R.C.D. met with a very severe and painful accident while out riding on the training field at Cavalry Barracks St. Johns.

It seems that Campbell received a bad kick on the leg, and on examination of the injury, it was found to be a compound fracture, he won the entire admiration of all ranks by the fine way that he carried on with his work in spite of the severe pain that he must have suffered.

Long-Range Student

The Boxing Instructor (after first lesson)—"Now, have you any questions to ask?"

Beginner (dazed)—"Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"

"Even better will be the times that are coming."—Benito Mussolini.

"The trouble with law and government is lawyers."—Clarence Darrow.

"Boys and girls out of work need wholesome recreation even more than when they are busy."—Alfred E. Smith.

"I keep my faith in there being such things as true love and friendship and a lot of fun in simple things."—Lenore Ulric.

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns

Medal Ribbons and Their Meaning.

Medals mean the making of History, and that is why the children and relatives of Soldiers and Sailors should respect and value them. There is no doubt that there has often passed through the minds of thousands of people what relation the colours of Medal Ribbons bear to the Medal, and if there is any rhyme or reason used in the choosing of the colours worn.

It appears that there is, and lately I found information on the subject, in an article written by Lt.-Colonel Channer, R.M., published about eight years ago.

Take this last Great War, the Star and Medals first—

The 1914 Star, has a watered Red, White and Blue Ribbon, these three colours represent, Great Britain, as well as the "Tricolor" of France and are emblematical of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

King Georges or (G.S.) Medal Ribbon is Black, White, Orange, and Royal Blue.

The Black and White stand for the German (Honzollerins) colours, encompassed by yellow and blue, representing the Royal, and overseas forces, in Khaki, that squeezed Germany out of the field. There was some great discussion, and difference of opinion it seems, over the selection of suitable colours for the Allied Medal Ribbon. Ultimately the French suggestion was adopted, a double Rainbow. After a heavy storm of rain a double rainbow is sometimes reflected, hence after storm, comes peace.

The first authorised Medal Ribbon was the crimson and blue, for Waterloo and the Peninsula, and (G.S.) with 29 clasps in all, first issued in 1816 and 17.

Crimson, the colour of the Sash, edged with Royal Blue, The D.S.O. has the same ribbon only narrow.

The Crimean Ribbon (1854) is pale blue, edged with pale yellow, with the three Oak-Scroll bars, diagonally across the Ribbon.

The Crimean Ribbon is easily confused with the Baltic Ribbon (1854-55).

It is pale yellow edged with blue, it was issued by the command of Queen Victoria for the Royal Navy and Marines.

The only man I (T.D.M.) remember seeing wear it was General

Lord William Seymour, late of the Coldstream Guards who commanded the last British troops in Halifax in 1899-01.

The Ribbon of Queen Victoria's S.A. Medal, (1899-02) is two outer edges of red, than two blue stripes, and orange centre, a very handsome ribbon. The red and blue represent the services of the Army and Navy, the orange Free State, and other operations in the sandy wastes.

In King Edwards S.A. Medal Ribbon, the Green stands for the Transvaal, the White for peace, and the Orange for the Orange River Colony.

The Ribbon for the Soudan (1896-97) is seldom seen, it is black and khaki, with thin scarlet stripe in centre, standing for British Troops between Soudanese and Egyptian Troops or black the Dervish hosts, yellow the desert, red, the thin British line.

In 1897, a Medal for British and Egyptian troops was issued by the Khedive of Egypt (1896-05). It is a yellow ribbon with a broad in center, watered, and signifies the Blue Nile, flowing between its sandy banks. The Blue and White striped Egyptian Medal, and blue Ribbon, for Khedives Star for (1882) represent the favourite colours of Egypt, blue gowns and shirts being worn by all the working classes, and blue and white by the Army.

Central Africa (1891-98) is equal widths of chocolate, white and black, an allusion to the Soudanese, European, and Sikh troops engaged.

The Ashantee Ribbon (1873-74) is yellow with black edges and two black stripes, the black is said to have been a compliment to the newly married Russian wife of the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Ribbon for the Kaffir Wars of (1834-35 1846-7, 1850-53, 1877-79) is pale orange with four stripes of purple, 2 broad, and 2 inside narrow stripes.

The Ribbon for the Zulu Rebellion, Natal, (1906) is Magenta or plum colour, with 2 broad edges of black, (British and Colonial Troops and Police) The New Zealand Ribbon, (Maories, 1845-47—1860-66) is blue, with broad red centre stripes, it records the services of the Navy and Army.

The medals and Ribbons like those of Africa, are very numerous, and various for India.

Starting with the Mutiny (1858) it was a white Ribbon with 2 red stripes arranged alternately, the red represents the British blood, that flowed, and the white, the peace that followed.

The Indian General service Medal Ribbon (1854) was first given for Burnich (1852-53.)

A red ribbon with 2 bars of blue, alternately represent R.N.R. I.M. and the three Armies British Bengal and Madras.

The crimson and blue Ribbon for Waterloo was also for the first Indian Medal in 1831, but its use was eventually over ruled by the Madras Government which is sued a tawny yellow watered silk ribbon on "Tippo Tiles Tiger."

This coloured Ribbon was worn for "Siringapatam and Java."

The Ribbon of the Afgan war (1839) was crimson and green, green is the colour sacred to the Mohammedans, the Ribbon was one half crimson and one half green, never seen unless in collections.

The finest of all the ribbons is the one that was selected for "Jellalabad" and conquest of Cinde.

It was of watered silk representing an Eastern sky at Sunrise, (Pink) merging into yellow, and yellow to blue. The same coloured Ribbon was revived for the bronze medal commemorating Lord Roberts march from Kabul to Kandahar (1880.)

The Medal was made from guns captured from the Afghans. The Ribbon for the Thibet Expedition 1903-4 is a peculiar Lama Red with two narrow stripes of white which represent the snow on the Himalayas, and two green edges for India.

The Ribbon issued for China (1840-42) and (1851-60) and (1900) red with yellow edge is a very pretty ribbon, red for Great Britain and yellow for the Chinese Imp. colour or Yellow Dragoon of China.

The Medal of 1840 was the first to bear on it the head of Queen Victoria.

The last Medal of the Great War (1914-18) was issued for the satisfaction of the Merchantile Marine, the Ribbon is red, white and green, the narrow central stripe represents the centre mast head light, the red and green the port, and starboard side lights, of a ship.

THE TROPHIES OF THE KINGS

By Ava Ben Anna.

Location: The Canteen,
Time: 9.15 p.m.
Scenery: Rather Hazy.

Dramatic Personnel

An anxious vendor of nectar—Bill
A Corporal of Horse (Not so very hoarse either) —Mike
A Trooper of the Roaring Second —Buff

A famous fighting Corporal—winner of a thousand fights (Canteen) erstwhile leader of the famous at Festubert, now leader of a hundred-thousand militia, and coaler of a million furnaces, to say nothing of twenty mile route marches at Niagara and other salubrious pleasures bent.. SNUFF.

Trooper: "I hear that the cigar show case from Tucketts; which has recently encumbered a corner of the Mess is disposed of."

Cpl. of Horse: "A good riddance too—a horrible eyesore altogether."

Trooper: "That little glass cabinet, which the cups are in, I believe is for sale too, five bucks I think someone said."

Cpl. of Horse: "That's rather a good looking cabinet, a darned good buy for some married man I should say."

Vendor: "I wish I'd known about it anyway, I would have snapped it up right away at that price."

Trooper: Sure thing. It seemed such a bargain I was in two minds about getting married, renting a house, and buying it myself; only I found I have only one book of Canteen Tickets left."

The F.F. Corporal (Kings): "I have a very good mind to buy it myself, as soon as I get the cheque for the last batch of jumps. I could send it home to Scotland to Seconeriver house, and they could put all my cups, medals and Bisley Trophies into it——Curtain crashes down, being no longer able to hold up its head for very shame.

"Quis speratit? Mundus credit. Sed mihi dubito.

W. H. L.

"The trouble with some people who feel they have a mission in life is that they become so self-important they forget their mission."—Lady Astor.

CANADIAN VACATIONS.

Trout Angling in Canada

Down countless valleys and glens in Canada meander streams and brooks which in summer are the delight of anglers. When winter holds sway these streams flow through strangely silent woods where boughs hang heavy with sparkling snow. The thick brown carpet of the forest floor and the cheery green of grassy glades lie hidden under a white mantle on which is traced the lacy track of squirrels, the bunched prints of bunny paws and pointed hoof-prints of deer. The dark ribbon of the stream winds in and out past sculptured banks, and ears attuned to Nature can almost hear the water gurgle and chuckle "Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"

Soon the thunder of running water will waken these valley from their quiet sleep, and to them will hie the anglers with rods, reels and favourite tackle. Here is the home of the speckled trout, *salvelinus fontinalis*, the greatest drawing card of Canada's piscatorial attractions. It is probably true that more anglers seek this species than all others combined. This popularity is due in part to its wide range and the fact that it is usually found amid scenic surroundings. It is considered the gamiest, the most charmingly coloured and the tastiest of our game fishes.

In Canada the trout angler is favoured above all other anglers as waters of every province contain trout of some species and the trout season is first to open. Trout occur in the streams and pools of Prince Edward Island and in lakes and streams of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In Quebec it is found abundance in the waters of the Gaspé peninsula, in north shore rivers of the Gulf, in the Laurentides Park, throughout the Laurentian mountains north of Montreal and in the Gatineau and Pontiac districts. In southern Ontario it is found mainly in the Algonquin Park and Parry Sound regions. In new Ontario, that region north and west of the French and Mattawa rivers, trout waters are legion. There are countless locations in Timagami, the Mississauga reserve, Algoma, and in the country north

of lake Superior to James bay where capital sport may be had.

Northeastern Manitoba is the western limit of eastern speckled trout fishing but lake trout are plentiful in northern waters across Canada. Rainbow, Kamloops, cut-throat, Dolly Varden and other species offer wonderful sport in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains and through British Columbia to the coast.

The Kicking Horse Trail

An euphonious title for a book or a motor road is sure to draw the attention of a reader to one and a motorist to investigate the other. Too often the title is the most interesting part of a book but the whimsical naming of the Kicking Horse Trail antedates by many years the present day custom of attracting readers and tourists with an eccentric play of words. In common with other scenic roads in British Columbia this trail can stand on its own merits. The fifty four mile drive between Golden, British Columbia and Lake Louise Alberta crosses the Kicking Horse Pass at an altitude of 5,329 feet, the road attaining an elevation of 2,800 feet above Golden. About 1,300 feet of this rise is between Field and Lake Louise in a distant of sixteen miles, but this is by easy gradients, nowhere more than eight percent, and that for a short way only. The drive is a succession of beautiful vistas of natural scenery, and the motorist journeys in constant sight of glaciers, snow-fields, ice-crowned peaks and tumbling cataracts.

After leaving Golden the road enters the great gorge of the Kicking Horse river and for forty-eight miles road, river and railway are never far apart. At times the three draw close, Nature having found a way for its own but engineering ability of the highest has been required to pick a route for the other two.

Seventeen miles from Golden the roadway enters Yoho Park, passes near the Natural bridge where the Kicking Horse with a great lashing of water forces its volume through a contracted orifice to reappear at a lower level. On every hand are vistas of enchantment and grandeur, trails to point of interest, and on the northern side of the highway are side roads which lead to Emerald lake and through the fourteen mile long, one mile deep valley of the Yoho. The road winds up over the Continental Divide where a stream from Mount Niblock flows to within a few yards of the highway, separates to send part of its waters to Hudson bay and the Atlantic ocean and part tumbling down the western slope to the Pacific. The distance from Golden to Lake Louise is fifty-

four miles,—with the extensions to Emerald lake and up the Yoho valley, eighteen more—seventy-two miles in all and every mile a mile of memories.

Winter Sports in the Highlands of Ontario

The Muskoka Lakes district, the Lake of Bays district and Algonquin Park are included in the Highlands of Ontario and in these districts the lover of nature will find ideal surroundings for the many different forms of winter sport activities. Lumber roads, trappers' trails, snow-clad hills and ice-bound lakes provide unusual facilities for ski-running and cross-country snow shoe hikes. Dog team trips to outpost cabins may be arranged, and visits to neighboring lumber camps are always full of interest. A number of hotels and log bungalows remain open throughout the winter months offering special accommodation where families and parties may enjoy freedom and privacy in rustic surroundings without the discomfort of camping in the open.

Those who anticipate a winter holiday in the Highlands of Ontario will find the atmosphere most invigorating and contrary to expectations the cold is not a handicap in the least degree to the enjoyment of winter outdoor sports. While at times the thermometer may register several degrees below the zero mark the usual prevailing temperature is ideal for such health-giving recreation as skiing, snowshoeing and tobogganing for which this territory is admirably suited, both from the standpoint of its geographical formation and accessibility.

Old Indian Trails Through The Laurentians

When an enemy lies in wait on a certain route discretion is the better part of valour, especially should that enemy be so formidable as to render the outcome of an encounter doubtful. So must the Algonquins, Hurons and allied tribes have reasoned as in journeying to the lower St. Lawrence from the upper waters of the Ottawa river and Georgian bay they avoided the broad reaches of the Ottawa where lurked the war parties of the Iroquois. The Ottawa was the easy and natural channel for their canoes, but a safer though more arduous thoroughfare lay through the mountains to the north where rise the Coulange, Gatineau, Lievre, Rouge and other rivers. Across the lakes, over the mountains and along the streams wound the highway of the Indian exponents of Safety First.

Many miles north of the Ottawa river lie the overland trails of this highway worn by thousands of moccasined feet, and to this day may be seen traces of these pathways by those who venture afield in the Laurentians. It is an interesting experience to stumble by accident across one of these trails and follow it for a space through the green woods. On, on it leads, at times quite clear, and at others dim and hard to trace.

Though unfamiliar with that word detested by motorists, "detour," the Indians were plagued with such embarrassments. Here a dim side trail loops from the main path around where a fallen forest monarch blocked the way. Years pass, the tree decays, and once more the path is straight, and on, on, go the marching moccasined feet.

No longer does the Redman follow these trails of necessity. No longer on the pleasant reaches of the Ottawa do the warlike Iroquois lie in wait with straight shafted arrows and ready tomahawks. The birds and four-footed forest folk alone people great distances of this ancient highway. Visitors to this region on hunting and angling bent occasionally happen to follow it, often unaware, sometimes reading the signs aright and musing on a time long past. These little, unexpected journeys along an age-old trail are one of the delights of a sojourn in the Laurentian country of the province of Quebec.

Coal Mining Beneath the Sea

Coal is a commodity with the use of which most people come in contact either directly or indirectly but few ever see where it comes from. Tourists in Canada when visiting at Sydney Mines in Cape Breton Island in the province of Nova Scotia can have the thrill of descending one of the largest coal mining shafts in the world and experience an adventure worthy of the pen of Jules Verne. A drop of a few seconds places one a thousand feet below terra firma. Down grade through subterranean passages the hardy may venture two and a quarter miles out under the ocean bed. Fourteen hundred feet overhead is the ocean floor; a more solid dyke in between than that plugged by the finger of the little boy of Harlem.

Fairly well known is this feature of the coal mines of the Atlantic coast of Canada, but not so general is the information that coal mining is carried on extensively at Nanaimo, British Columbia, on the Pacific coast and there also operations are carried on beneath the ocean bed.

60 Old Men.

By H. V. Morton

He rises every morning with military precision, boils his shaving water and shaves.

He is eighty two. Most of those he once knew are dead.

On the shelf in his little room are books, a Bible, "The horse in fact and fiction," "Cavalry Tactics," "India as I knew it" (By Lt.-Col. Cuthbert Blunderbus, V. C., C.M.G.) "Religio Medici" (How did that get there) and an army list for the year 1885. Near his books is a rack containing six blackened pipes and a tin of navy cut.

The old man opens the door and finds on the step a loaf of bread, sugar, and tea, and he potters round his room, perhaps toasting a slice of bread or watching the kettle, moving slowly about his solitary breakfast. On the mantle piece a woman of thirty looks from a picture frame as if she would like to say "Poor darling, let me help" and her eyes, it seems follow him round and watch his old fingers fumble with canister lids and spill the thin trickle of sugar from the bag. He does not see her.

His rheumatism is worse to-day.

He dresses carefully, puts on a gloomy black cloak that hangs behind his door, and a gloomy black hat to match, and walks out through grey cloisters to chapel where Christ crucified hangs in the shadows over the Altar.

He returns to his little room, ties his tie more carefully, puts on a felt hat at a distinct angle, takes an umbrella under his arm and fixes a gold rimmed monocle in his eye. When he moves you notice the breed of him, the good lines of him, the thin flanks, the spindle legs, the spare, whipcord old body, the way he puts his feet, the set of his shoulders, the manner in which his worn clothes sit on him.

With a clubmans nod to the porter at the gate he passes out under the arch of Charterhouse, hat cocked, monocle settled, shoulders squared.

There are sixty of them; sixty old Colonel Newcomes, who have fallen on evil days "Gentlemen by descent and in poverty" runs the old rule. "Soldiers who have borne arms by land or sea, merchants

decayed by pirates or ship wreck, or servants in household to the King or Queens Majesty" The charter house--a good deed took root in London three hundred and fourteen years ago--gives them a pound a week, a black cloak, a black hat, rooms and food in the hall.

All that it demands that they attend chapel once a day.

Seven long white tables stand in a oak panelled room, a rich ancient hall, and into this room troop the sixty old men who have known better days. Sixty old men with the ghost of old authority over them, dead fires in their eyes, in their hearts what? Pride, I think and tradition. See how they sort themselves out, is it imagination, or has old age stiffened their natural prejudices a little? Do some hold, themselves aloof, clinging with the tenacity to a relic of superiority? Those two childish old men who shout into one another's ears and from time to time glare around the table 'They are always together, they were at the same Public school.

After they drift off slowly by one and twos, some go out, no one knows where. A few sign the book in the dining hall, notifying that they will be out till midnight; such a spidery announcement of a night out. One of them, who is over ninety, rests most of the day, so that he may be strong to go down to his club at night, the club he has always known.

Most of them, however, just sleep or read, or they walk, leaning on two sticks, beside the green grass in the quadrangles, or through cloisters and under grey tudor archways into quite, cobbled courts where there is a lovely richness of Elizabeth and brick faintly tinged with red, a wine-dark creeper over old stone, and an air of peace. The ancient quiet of the old monastery still surrounds these arthursian Monks. A beautiful ante-room to paradise.

At eight o'clock the curfew sounds over Smithfield from the bell tower of the charterhouse.

Sixty times the bell rings, each note a human life, once for every old man in Charterhouse. Once it rang nearly seventy times, and the ancient brethren rose up of their chairs in alarm, cast aside their pipes, and peered out from their windows anxiously, wondering what disaster had followed them

even into harbour. Seventy!

Sixty furious old men were only soothed when it became known that the bell ringer had a bad cold, and, sneezing violently between his pulls, had lost all count of the curfew.

That does not often happen, the curfew of charterhouse keeps faithful count of its sixty men, and in their little cells knowing that some night it will only ring fifty-nine.

One by one the lights go, out. Stray fingers of moonlight touch veined hands lying outside covertlets, fall over grey lined faces, find that place on mantelpieces where a woman in a picture frame looks out into the darkness with eyes that seem to say "Poor darling, if only I could help.

The wee Scots lad was in the habit of entering the baker's shop and, asking them to give him two halfpennies for a penny.

This continual request so irritated the woman behind the counter that she scolded him and told him not to return.

The Young Highlander readjusted his bonnet on his head and said gravely:

"Mitchy! It's a wunner tae me how ye keep yer customers."

Said a clergyman to a Negro convert: "If you were walking along the road and saw a long-hanging branch, and on that branch a nice fat chicken, what would you do?"

"Please don't ask dat question" begged the negro.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who is the Shriek Slinger?

What our Transport Driver thinks of sleigh ride parties?

What our local crooner (1st Troop) told Bing Crosby?

When our Harmonius Quartette is going into action?

What happened to a certain young trooper at a recent Valentines dance.

"It must be remembered that debts as represented by bonds, and mortgages, cannot be easily cut like wages or even dividends."—Norman Thomas.

The Derby.

The Story of the World's most Famous Horse Race

By Bruce Blunt

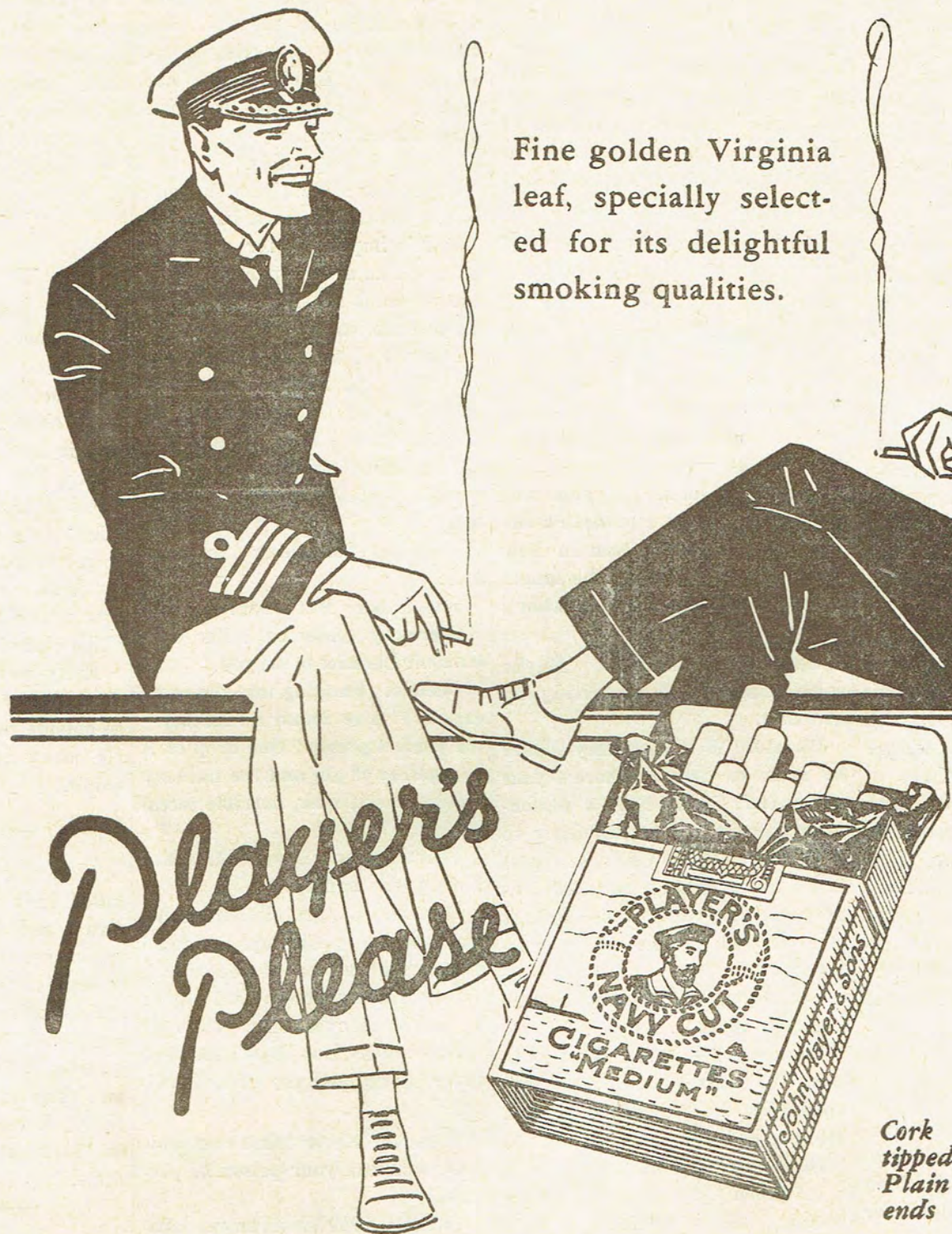
It is strange to think that the winner of the very first Derby became an American citizen! As far back as 1780 Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed made history by being the first winner of the great race. At the age of twenty-one Diomed was sold to go to America, where he lived for another ten years, and by founding a famous line of bloodstock, had a tremendous influence on the American thoroughbred. The best of his sons was Sir Archy. Of Diomed it has been written: "There was almost as much mourning in the old colony land at his demise as there was at the death of George Washington."

The Derby, named after the twelfth Earl of Derby, who helped to found it, is a mile and a half race for three-year-olds, and is run on Epsom racecourse, about 14 miles from London. Colts carry 9 stone and fillies 8 stone 11 lbs. That Earl of Derby who gave his name to the race won it with Sir Peter Teazle in 1787, but it was 137 years before the prize again went to the house of Stanley when the present Earl of Derby won it with Sansovino.

There is only one Derby, and there is no sight like it in the world. The tremendous crowds on Epsom Downs make one think that half England is on holiday. At the starting gate are lined up the finest thoroughbreds in existence, and in every corner of the world men are anxiously waiting to hear the winner's name. From hundreds of thousands of throats the roar goes up: "They're off!" and then comes a tense silence as the first part of the race is run. When the field swung round far-famed Tattenham Corner and flashed up the final straight, the cries go out for this horse or that, as the fortunes of the race change. And no one who has ever heard it can forget the thunderous cheering which greets a popular winner past the post.

With every Derby packed with

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"



Fine golden Virginia leaf, specially selected for its delightful smoking qualities.

Cork
tipped or
Plain
ends

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT

history (and there have been 150 of them) it is difficult to pick out the most interesting incidents in the race's story. The greatest scandal of the English turf occurred in the Derby of 1884, which was won by a horse called Running Rein. Supicions were aroused, and, after days of enquiry, it was discovered that the winner was really a four-year-old named Maccadaeus which had been substituted for the three-year-old Running Rein. The horse's owner, a notorious gambler called Goodman Levy, had dyed the horse's legs to assist in the disguise. It was chiefly through Lord George Bentinck tracing the purchase of the dye that the case against Levy was brought home. When he was asked to produce the horse for inspection he announced that the animal had vanished. Running Rein was, of course disqualified and the race went to General Pele's Orlando. Levy and his associates were warned off the Turf.

King Edward VII's vastly popular win with Minoru, in 1909, marks the only occasion when the reigning King of England has led in the winner of the Derby, though the same owner, when Prince of Wales, won the race twice, with Diamond Jubilee and Persimmon. One of the most sensational Derbys was that of 1913, when King George's horse, Anmer, was brought down at Tattenham Corner by a militant suffragette, who died from the injuries which she received.

Most unusual weather has prevailed during the month of January at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns. We are not sure whether Old Man Winter was either kidding us or refused to be serious until things had been straightened up a bit, any way, grass burning, clearing up of the ramparts and beach have been very much in evidence, this work is usually carried out in May or June, and by the look of the weather up to date the old boy seems to be quite satisfied with the neat appearance of the Barracks grounds and appears willing to come at us in all seriousness. (But you never can tell.)

"Man cannot live without some great purpose outside himself.—Andre Maurois.

Uncle Borgia.

(From Life)

(The scene is in the private office of the U.S. Director of Prohibition. The time is 1930. The room is sumptuously furnished. On the walls are numerous dry-point etchings and at one end of the room hangs a handsome water-color portrait of Wayne Wheeler. The Director is seated at his desk. The door opens and his secretary enters.

Secretary: The reports are coming slowly. So far eleven hundred and fifteen deaths were reported yesterday in New York; nine hundred and three in Illinois nine hundred and twelve in California; eight—

Director (angrily): This will never do. Only a miserable eleven hundred and fifteen in New York! We're becoming the laughing-stock of the country—or what's left of it.

Secretary (timidly): Maybe some of the people are giving up drinking.

Director: Well, then, they should be made to drink! Where's your patriotism? We have a national reputation for efficiency to maintain. When Uncle Sam goes into the poisoning business he's got to be the greatest poisoner that ever existed. What are we using now?

Secretary: Principally arsenic and prussic acid.

Director: Too mild and too painless. We must get a poison that makes 'em die in horrible agonies. Ha, ha, ha!

Secretary: Ha, ha, ha!

(A green light shines on the Director. The orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers.")

Director (ominously): Some thing slow—and agonizing.

Secretary:—The Supervisor of Federal Night Clubs and Cabarets is outside.

Director: Send him in.

(The Secretary exits and returns with the Supervisor of the F.N.C. and C.)

Director (eagerly): Yes?

Supervisor: The situation is desperate, chief. Our enemies have gotten Senator Beezel to introduce a bill abolishing the cover charge.

Director: My God!

Supervisor: He says it's unde-

mocratic for the Government to demand a cover charge from its patrons. And that isn't all.

Director: Tell me the worst.

Supervisor: Senator Radish says that now that all cabaret performers are Government employees, they should be on the Civil Service list. He is preparing a bill making all Black Bottom and Charleston experts take a competitive examination.

Director: Impossible.

Supervisor: Well, there's some justice in what he says. He claims that it's impossible for a girl to get a job as a—er—partly clothed dancer unless she is endorsed by his district leader.

Director: I tell you it's impossible. The bills must be beaten at all costs. Old Glory cannot be dragged in the mire by a bunch of half baked reformers.

(The orchestra plays "Dixie" softly.)

Director: Something must be done.

Supervisor: But what?

Secretary (entering): The Government Chemist to see you.

Chemist (bursting into the room eagerly): I've found it! At last—the perfect poison! One drop of it in a gallon of gin and the unlucky victim dies in slow, horrible torture.

(Director and Supervisor shake him by the hand.)

Director: Congratulations. America can now hold up her head among the nations of the world. The moral leadership we lost at Versailles is ours once more.

Supervisor: But those bills? The cover charge and the Civil Service?

Director: Never mind that now. How soon can your poison be produced?

Chemist: The Government laboratories are working night and day.

Director: Fine. Next week let every Congressman, every Government official, every registered voter receive a bottle of Scotch whisky—appropriately doctored—in the mail. Issue orders to every Government owned cabaret and announce in all the newspapers that, speakeasy to stock up heavily. And in honour of the sesquicentennial of what ever it happens to be the sesquicentennial of, all drinks will be on the house—

Supervisor: Good heaven's Do you mean—?

Director (triumphantly): By the end of next week the population of the United States will be completely wiped out. Let us drink to the success of our plan.

(He goes to the ice-water cooler and fills three paper cups. He hands a cup to each one.)

Director (raising his cup): To the Vanishing American!

Supervisor—Chemist (raising their cups): To the Vanishing American!

Curtain

Newman Levy.

When you say "He's a brick" do you know what you mean? He's a fine man" and do you know why the expression "Catch a tartar" should mean catching one who is hard to handle."

The first dates back to early Grecian history. A stranger admired the city and wondered why it had no walls.

"Wait until morning" said Lyeurgus the law-giver of sparta. "You cannot have looked closely."

Early next day Lyeurgus took the stranger to the field of exercise outside the city and pointed to the army drawn up in array of battle.

A number of race horses were killed in a railway accident, an owner and his trainer rushed to the scene to identify their horse. "That isn't him' Nor that" they said pointing to two horses. They wandered on and espied more animals. "That's not him either, but there he is "pointing to the fourth horse "Same in death as in life, not even in the first three."

Sgt.: "What's the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?

Tpr. "Look at the number Sergeant."

Sgt: "What for?"

Tpr: "To make sure that I don't clean someone else's."

Exasperated cook: "My gosh My Gosh, I have to keep my eyes open around here."

Wise one: "Well, you can't do anything with them shut, mate."

"Each one of us knows that in his or her own case the world never learns the real facts of our intimate lives."—Rebecca West.

Letters to the Editor.

22 Ballogie Avenue
Neasden, London, NW. 10
January 29th, 1933.

Dear Mr. Editor:

May I open this month by thanking the Sergeants Mess, I presume of St. John for the kindly thought which prompted them to send me a copy of the Regimental History. I was feeling very despondent as I had received no Christmas card from the Regiment, when Lo this little book arrived and I can assure you and the members of my old Mess that it is the most prized volume in a pretty wide collection of service books which grace my book shelves. Again Gentlemen, I thank you.

I was delighted a few weeks ago to receive a letter from Sergeant Row, and straightway wrote him and asked him to meet me for lunch. He turned up sharp to time, and we instantly recognized each other. You can imagine the old time yammer that ensued, and we now foregather pretty frequently. I was more than pleased to ask the gallant Jack to a little celebration of our Silver Wedding and it was a real pleasure to all the Dee family to have such a genial representative of the old Regiment with us upon that occasion. He recalled the exciting fire that marked the celebration of our fifth anniversary, and also left a memento of the present celebration with us in the shape of a handsome piece of silver which we shall always value throughout the years left to us.

Last evening I had the pleasure of introducing my old comrade to the members of the Rifle Club of my Constabulary Division, and I think he enjoyed himself. Anyway his shooting was not up to R.C.D. form but that of course was due to the strange surrounding no doubt. He saw the shoot for the final of The Commandants Cup, in which I finished a good third, and later heard it announced that I had won the Tankard for the best score for January. I have persuaded him to be my guest at the annual dinner at Frascati on the 22nd of February and were he not returning to Canada in April, much to my regret, I have



Educational Training.

no doubt that I should secure his very valuable services for the section I have the honour to command in "C" Division MSCR.

Well Mr. Editor I hope that 1933 will be remarkable in the annals of "The Goat" for the number of old timers and serving men of all ranks who will decide to write for the Regimental paper. At the risk of being tiresome and too repetitive I really wish everyone would take hold of this matter and help you and your staff out as they should do. Then we could have a journal second to none in the Empire services, like the history of the Regiment it represents, please EVERYONE make your Regimental paper really worthy of the Regiment.

All the best to everyone, and again many and sincere thanks to the Sergeants Mess, from,

Your's Aye,
Jimmy Dee.

Battleford, Sask.
February 9th, 1933.

Editor "The Goat"
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Sir:

I am extremely sorry not to have sent my subscription before this, but here it is.

I also inclose money order for the short History of the R.C.D.'s advertised in your last issue. My last few letters to you have received no attention whatsoever, so I take it that you are not much interested in hearing from old comrades in the west.

However kindly remember me

the old comrades and particularly to Falconer M.D. of Manitoba, I read his letters in "The Goat" and was glad to know he is alive and kicking.

Yours truly,

Colin C. Greener,
Formerly Sgt. C Sqd. R.C.D.

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The following letter has been received from Colonel Sir Clive Wigram, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.S. I., Private Secretary to His Majesty The King.

Buckingham Palace,
19th January, 1933

Dear Colonel Timmis,

I have received through the Governor General the copy of 'A Short History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons' of which the King, in February of last year, was graciously pleased to accept the dedication.

His Majesty desires me to express his thanks for this account of the Regiment with which the King is proud to be associated as Colonel in Chief. The volume will be placed with other Military Histories in His Majesty's Library at Windsor Castle.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) CLIVE WIGRAM
Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.
Commanding Royal Canadian Dragoons,
Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Canada.

An officer laid a wager of a casket of wine with a brother Officer that he could fire ten shots at a target five hundred yards distant and call each shot correctly before the marker could mark the shot.

Next morning a big crowd assembled to witness the experiment. The officer fired the first shot and calmly announced "Miss". Then he fired the second and third shots and called out "Miss" each time.

"Hey there "that won't do shouted the umpire" You are not trying to hit the target."

"Certainly not" laughed the marksman, I'm shooting to hit the wine."

Trooper Huggins "What is the difference between vision and sight?

Pte. Bunk: "See those two girls over there."

Tpr. Huggins: "Yes."

Pte. Bunk: "Well, the pretty one I would call a vision of loveliness, the other, well, she's a sight."

During the past month we were very glad to hear from John Putman, an ex-R.C.D. who served at Stanley Barracks a number of years ago, Mr. Putman is now doing very well as an S.P.C.A. attendant in Buffalo.

Art In The Army.

"Who dares to say that the dramatic art of the classified stage is dead? Who dares to say that the finer and subtler shades, of histrionic expression are not to be found among the "beef, beer, bac-cy, biscuit battle boys"?"

Who dares to suggest even by gently ironic insinuations that the gaceful muse does not at all events occasionally spill "her gems of purest ray serene" among the vessels (1 pint), vables and saw-dust of mere mortal man? Then let him read the verbatim report of a drama enacted in the recent past, and rapidly alter his erring judgment.

MILITARY DRAMA.

(From London "Punch")

There is a side of life which up to now both the drama and picture-theatre have neglected to put before the public. I refer to the fact that there has been no film and hardly a single play which has definitely dealt with every-day life in the Army during peacetime. The Army it would appear, is, like the black sheep in the family cupboard, a thing that should never be mentioned, except, of course, during manoeuvres or war, when the papers tell us we have one.

To remedy this defect I have written the following small play. I have attempted to put into it the best spirit of army routine and traditions, and so have got the assistance of my friend, Pte. Pull-through, to ensure exactness of detail. It will therefore be observed that the plot centres round the really serious things of army life, such as guards, meals, and the orderly-room mat. There is no love interest. Girls are not allowed in barracks.

Act I

The scene opens.... Oh, by the way, there is one other point. It has been found impossible to carry the exactness of detail as far as the actual spoken word, for reasons which I hope will not be

known to the general public. The speeches therefore defer to the best traditions of Melodrama (Surrey side.)

Act I

The scene opens..... One moment; I forgot to add the usual remarks. The scenery throughout is designed by the War Department and supplied by the Army Ordnance Corps. This well-known firm also supplies all dresses, with the exception of the Colonel's costume in Act III which is by Messers Seville and Row and the Orderly Officers' in Act I which is by Moses, Broses, Limited. The food in Act II is by the Army Service Corps, and the office stationery in Oct II, by Pale and Godden, Limited.

(Further space to let on moderate terms.)

Act I

The scene opens with the stage in darkness, except for a light in the guardroom (left), and the glow of a cigarette from inside of sentry-box (right). Sounds of snoring from the guardroom.

The Sentry.— Surely it is time for my relief. Never mind. It's poor young Private Sinclair who follows. An extra half-hour's sleep will benefit him as well as me. Good actions are a joy to the giver as well as to the recipient.

(Half-an-hour elapses)

The Sentry (shouts) Corporal, wake up ! It is considerably past the hour for my relief.

Noises OFF as of a full Corporal waking up N.B.— A full Corporal had better be engaged for this as it is a specialist's Job. The Corporal. Coming, Joe.

(Further noises OFF as of the Corporal waking up the next relief. Enter Corporal and Relief.)

The sentries are half changed, over when the sound of wavering footsteps is heard to the right.

Both Half-Sentries (fiercely) Altoogoesthere?

(From OFF a crash is heard. Anything further that follows should not be heard.

The Old Sentry. Advance and be recognised.

Private Vavasour enters on hands and knees.

The Corporal (striking a match) Why, 'tis Vavasour!

The Relief. Ay, and packy late too! But soft.....

(Sorry. Got into the wrong period.)

The Relief (again). Yes, he's overstayed his pass.

Private Vavasour (to the third footlight from the end). Non-shensh.

The Corporal (sadly). Carry him to the guard-room and lock him up. Ah, the evils which attend upon drink—

(This space open to private treaty with any Temperance League)

(Exuent Old Sentry and Private Vavasour)

The New Sentry (challenges suddenly). Altoogoesthere?

Voice. Orderly Officer.

The Sentry. Advance Orderly Officer, and be recognized.

Enter the O.O.

The O.O. Well, do you recognize me.

The Sentry (busily striking matches). Not yet.

(Sends out for lantern.)

(When some one has been found to identify the O.O. who only arrived in barracks a few days ago, the action of the play may be allowed to proceed.

The O.O. Corporal, what of the night?

The Corporal. Private Vavasour in close arrest, Sir.

The O.O. Why?

The Corporal (hanging head). Sir, he was late; and he wasn't quite—quite—

The O.O. (shocked). Oh! (A pause). He must go up before the Colonel.

The Corporal (sadly). I fear so, Sir.

(Exit O.O. Exit Corporal.) Sentry lights cigarette.

(Curtain)

Act II

The following day. Breakfast in the mess-room. Privates eating or talking, or in most cases doing both. Left and right—Forms, barrack-room; tables, 6-foot, soldiers and 4-foot, soldiers.

First Private. I do not think his bacon is so good today.

Second Private. I agree with you, Charles.

F.P. Someone ought to point it out to the cooks, or at least to—
(Loud interruption at back: "Shun-Orderly-Officer-any-complaints-carry-on!") Interruption dies down.

F.P. (continuing). —or at least ought to make a complaint to the Orderly Officer when he makes his visit, which should be soon.

S.P. Surely that simply isn't done?

Enter a Corporal

Corporal. Has anyone taken Private Vavasour breakfast to the guardroom?

A Voice. Yes, but he doesn't want any breakfast.

The Corporal. What did he say?

The Voice. He said—

Curtain (just in time too)

Act III

The following day, 10 a.m. Headquarters orderly-room. Left, rather in the way, a chair. Right also in the way, another chair. Left right in the way, large

mat. The Colonel is seated at a desk, signing papers. The Adjutant is breathing down the back of his neck.

The Adjutant (blotting signatures). And lastly, Sir, there is Private Vavasour up for being tigh—being drunk the night before last.

The Colonel. Hrrmph! (It is I said, 10 a.m.)

The Adjutant. Will you have him marched in?

The Colonel. Hrrmph!

The Adjutant (calling off.) Sergeant-Major, march in Private Vavasour!

(An interlude during which nothing can be heard for some time but the clamp-clamp of heavy boots intermingled with "Prisner's escort shun, quick-march, right whoile, left whoile, alt-rightturn," resulting in Private Vavasour's appearance on the mat between two friends, with the Sergeant-Major breathing heavily just behind.)

The Sergeant-Major (gracefully

effecting the introduction). Private Vavasour, Sir.

The Colonel Hrrmph! (It is still just about 10 a.m.)

(The Colonel reads out the charge and ask him if he has anything to say.)

Private Vavasour (looking as though he had run head-on to a battleship and swallowing nervously). Please, Sir, it was like this. I was coming home in good time, Sir, when I fell off my bicycle and broke—

The Colonel. No good telling me that.

Private Vavasour (candidly.) Well, Sir, I thought it was just worth trying.

The Colonel. Hrrmph!

The Adjutant (taking this to mean fourteen days C.B.) March him out, Sergeant-Major.

(Another interlude as before, this time resulting in the disappearance of Vavasour and party

The Adjutant (conversationally) A bad case, Sir.

The Colonel. Hrrmph!

Curtain.

A.A.

Here and There.

The School is in full swing once more, and we have to hurry to our meals to beat the "hungry dozen", this time swelled to some 24 members.....It looks as if we will have to play the R.C.R. at Indoor Polo instead of Hockey this year, as we have no ice, outside of the ice box in the Mens Mess..... Are the Powers that Be sending a team down to St. Johns this year as per old custom?.....Duff says that as a result of an item in last months issue, inquiries are pouring in re his state of health. He also claims that he has received countless letters and cables re the same subject, and he is thinking of hiring several stenographers to answer his fan mail—the last by Special Permission of Ripley (Believe it or not)..... Albert was very delighted at being in the Society Column last month, and sent the item in question over to Punch, and Tid-Bits..... Jock Campbell has completed one term of Spring

Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

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Training in Third Troop and has transferred to Second now. What's rang wi' ye Jock?.....O'Neill says 'B' Squadron is just fine, and do I like Toronto?'".....Noticed several braves standing with tears in their eyes, as a couple of cars were towed out of Barracks recently....when is the wedding Al?.....Kay Lennon is still waiting for waivers on his, we suspect the firm is a hold-out (get it).....Who was the Orderly Sergeant who couldn't stay in on his maiden duty?..... Good Old Maple Leafs, eh Connie?..... Taffy Morgan is going abroad again, probably on the high seas as we write.....Reds' first "little trouble" has arrived..may all his troubles be little ones,

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(get this too?)..... The Shreik Singer has run out of bird-seed.....Why did the 3rd Troop Sergeants take out Group Insurance en masse, as soon as Spring Training started?..... Tommy Hobbs has been taken on the Strength at last.....why on the Strength?'"..... Charlie Meeker was in Barracks recently, and took some of the Braves down to the wrestling show. Wonder if he was taking them down as escort in view of the recent pop-bottle battle at a recent show?..... Charlie Smith Jr. is laid up with Appendicitis. Operation very successful from his point of view, but let every man speak for himself.. . . .Sgt. Nickle celebrated his promotion by buying a typewriter, and is now learning to speak on it...he has lots of time on his hands now? in which to learn.... Did the Gymnasium Inst. (Kings) really get a fatigue party composed entirely of N.C.O.'s to scrub out his domicile?.....Who was the N.C.O. who wandered all over Barracks to find out some hot water for a bath, and did you really believe that Cleanliness is next to Godliness Al?.....And how do you get to Niagara-on-the-Lake now?.....That's all the bunk this month, we have to fill up the space somehow, and we don't get paid for it anyway.....see you next month.....Break off.

Change of Designation

The King has approved of the designation of the 15th/19th Hussars being changed to "15th Kings Royal Hussars."—(Extract from the Times Weekly Edition.)

Hearty congratulations to L/Cpl. and Mrs. F. N. Stafford, to whom was born a daughter on Jan. 21st, 1922. It is reported, but without foundation, that the first thing the little girl said upon opening her eyes was "The next event will be the 'igh jump' and she has been christened, Francis Norma, which is about as close as one can get to Frank Norman without giving her a boys name.

Trooper Charlie Smith is a patient in Christie Street hospital having recently been operated on for appendicitis. He is doing very well, and expects to swing 28 days leave out of it. (What a hope.)

A Profitable Invasion.

Canada was invaded last year by a United States army greater in size than her own national population.

Tourists comprised this vast army of occupation. They came by rail, boat, and automobile. All had a common objective—to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

It was a most agreeable invasion. Immeasurable benefits were derived by both host and guest in the wholesome interchange of ideas. Canada also derived great publicity value in thus familiarizing her resources, her scenic grandeur, and her institutions to these strangers in our midst.

It was also a most profitable invasion. This tourist army expended over \$180,000,000 last year. This sum is double the actual expenditure for Canadian highway maintenance and construction during 1931.

During the past ten years Canada's tourist trade has grown to a phenomenal degree. In 1921 tourists' expenditures were approximately one third of what they were last year. The increasing popularity of this country as a tourist center is also evident in the fact that Canada in 1931 surpassed any other country in the world in number of foreign visitors.

Cavalry Barracks welcome back to the Farm this month Tpr. J. Madden, Trooper P. Sefton, and Tpr. P. McLean, we are very glad to have these men back with us again.

During the past month we were very pleased to receive the Canadian Defence Quarterly and the Canadian Magazine.

S.M.I. H. E. Karcher, M.M., has been discharged from Christie Street Hospital, and is on leave at the time of writing.

A man was sentenced some time ago for stealing half a ton of scrap iron. It is not known whether the act was premeditated but it certainly was not done in a weak moment.

It is a fallacy to appraise the value of this tourist trade merely in terms of intangible benefits derived. Actually it has been an economic necessity to Canada during these recent years. Few realize that the tourist trade last year was one of Canada's major industries. It was possibly the most profitable of all Canadian industries simply because of its economic distribution over all classes of our population.

In value of Canada's export commodities, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics rates it second only to paper. Wheat, which until 1930 ranked first, now represents less than half the value of our annual tourist trade as an exportable commodity.

This "invisible export" represented by the tourist trade has maintained a favourable balance in our international financial relations. The foreign exchange value of the Canadian dollar has held up remarkably well, all things being considered. To what degree we should credit the tourist trade for this satisfactory stability none except the most expert economists can say.

This invading army descended on Canada by boat, rail, and automobile. A total of over 5,000,000 motor cars was required to transport over 15,000,000 United States visitors.

Nearly 3,700,000 foreign automobiles came via Ontario points of entry. Passengers in these cars totalled approximately 11,000,000. The Province of Quebec ranked second and the Maritimes were third in tourist preference.

Over 11,000,000 automobile tourists visited Canada for a day or less. Almost 5,500,000 visited with us up to sixty days.

The average individual may regard these statistics as being mildly interesting; but to the statesman and student of international affairs they are most significant.

They both know that the economic advantages derived from the invasion are great; but they know that the psychological and less tangible advantages accruing from this mingling of two great peoples are of infinitely greater importance.

The statesman does not think merely in terms of so many tourists coming to Canada for a stated period. He quite properly interprets the facts and discovers a

With the Compliments of
James H. Cosgrave,
Toronto, Ont.

startling paradox—that during 1931 the United States tourist resided in Canada 152,500 years.

The student of international affairs analyzes this long-term tourist residence in relation to its aftermath. In other words, how much of Canada's thinking will be transplanted to their native soil by these visitors? Similarly, how much of their thinking will be left in the minds of our people?

We have found the tourist from the United States to be singularly appreciative of Canadian hospitality. Usually he is Canada's greatest ambassador of good will either at home or abroad.

REGIMENTAL HISTORY

A short history, just published, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, illustrated, price \$1.00 per copy post free. Apply either to The Goat Office, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., or to the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

The Wreck of the "Cheese Express."

By the Ex-642nd Dragoon

No, this is not a report about the Dairy Extra plowing through an open switch and piling a dozen swaying "refrigerators" in the ditch at Angus Crossing, on the Barrie stub, seventy miles from the home station of the Division wrecking crew and its Big Hook, with reams and reams of detail about conflicting train orders, location of automatic block-signals, curve degrees, number of feet and inches of tangent to point of contact, and all that sort of usual thing. Again "No."

There was no prying investigation of the "spill" which comes to mind this morning, involving a combination head on—sideswipe affair between Colonel Lessards's beaming Brantford bicycle, east-bound from Stanley Barracks over the late cinderpath, light, and our clattering Infield of obscure vint-

age, barrackbound from Canterer Matthew's Queen Street 'grussery shop to the garrison Sergeant's Mess, with a lading of cheese lashed, marching order-like, to its "nickeled" handle-bars.

The term "late," set down in the above paragraph out of respect for another of the by-gones, is used for a two-fold purpose; first, because the old bikeway has yielded to the relentless advance of "Progress," and, second, because numbered amongst the present-day ranks of Barracks are many who were either yet unborn or were of too tender age to receive appointments, as officers, or to "take on" in the ranks, when the meager strip of cinders was enjoying the "bloom of youth" beneath the whirring wheels of lady and gentlemen "scorchers" of yesteryear.

The actual scene of the little affair, however, was where the cycleway petered out at Strachan Avenue and the old military high-road leading to the main gate. The hour was about Nine o'clock with only stralight to guide the

"weary" wheelman on his traveled way.

Anyway, with visions of a spumy reward for a record run, we put the bespurred Wellingtons to the lumbering Infield's spinning rat-trap peddles and shot down the southern incline of the bridge spanning the r.r. tracks, hitting it up smartly for the final dash to the arched portal around the bend.

An then! And right then, too, as though Fate had willed it so to be, Brantford and Infield charged into the sharp turn at one and the same time. There was a clash of frames, a "pinging," of tough spokes, and our veteran of many an exciting run careened all but mortally wounded into the weather-beaten fence beside the road.

It was all over but the waiving of immunity?

In a jovial fettle, however, and his great heart touched, like as not, by the rare display of zeal injected into the consummation of our errand of mercy for his faithful Non Coms, the good Colonel

happy at the thought that neither of us had sustained a personal injury, split the culpability fifty-fifty, mounted his Rolls Royce of the cycle clan and left us alone with our tribulations.

Ah, what a ripping Colonel! And, too, what a ripping break!

Fain would we that he, as well as many others of the old, old-school, were numbered not among "the sleepers under the sod."

Thus with the battered 999 back in the passage-way, we re-conditioned the savory Roquefort delivered it to the above-the-cells rendez vous of the sipping brotherhood, quaffed the foaming reward, and called it one good day so help me.

YOU

By Edgar A. Guest

You are the fellow that has to decide

Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.

You are the fellow who makes up your mind

Whether you'll lead or will linger behind—

Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar.

Or be contented to stay where you are.

Take it or leave it. Here's some thing to do!

Just think it over. It's all up to you!

What do you wish? To be known as a shirk,

Known as a good man who's willing to work.

Scorned for a loafer or praised by your chief.

Rich man or poor man or beggar or thief?

Eager or earnest or dull through the day,

Honest or crooked? It's you who must say!

You must decide in the face of the test

Whether you'll shirk it or give it your best

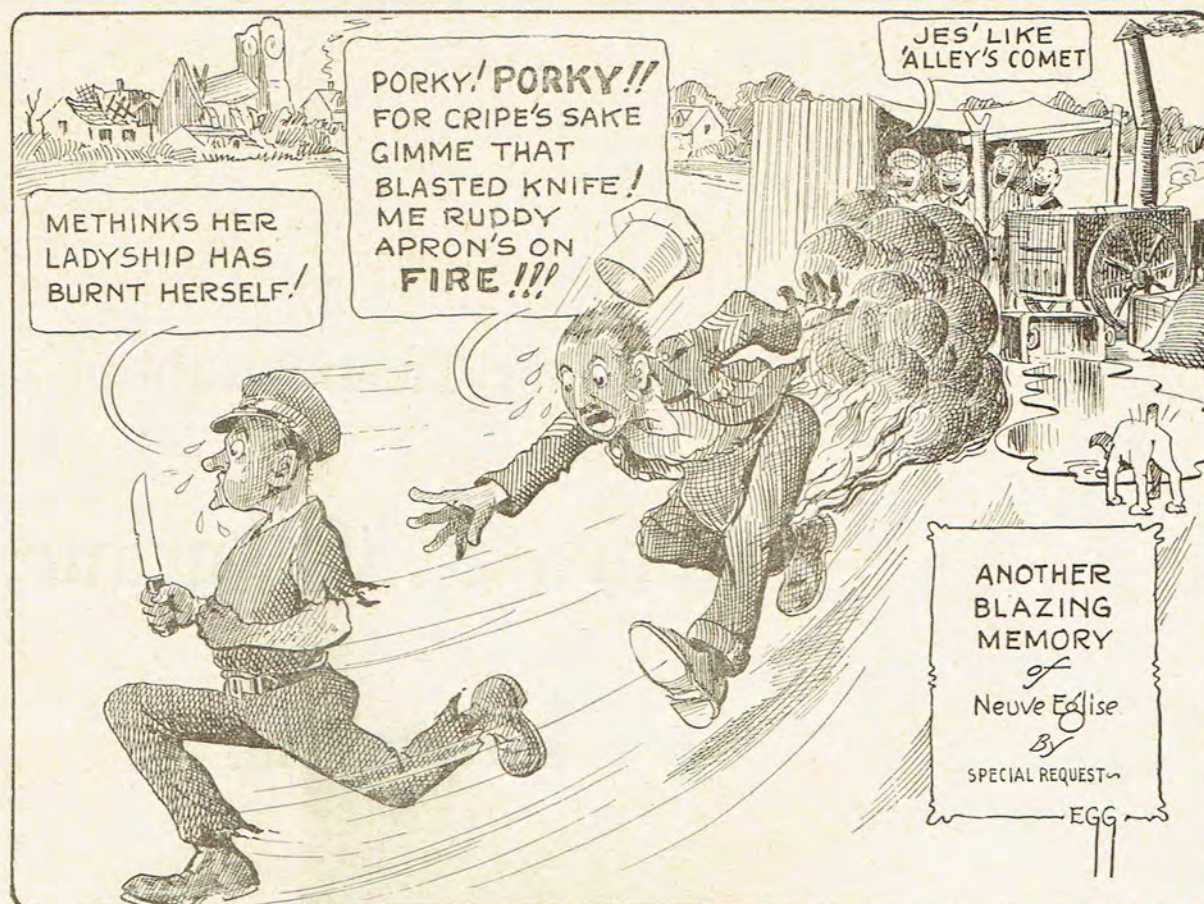
Nobody here will compel you to rise;

No one will force you to open your eyes;

No one will answer for you yes or no,

Whether to stay there or whether to go.

Life is a game, but it's you who must say



The Wanderer.

By J. B. H.

It was the night before pay-day. The Barracks was very quiet, although most of the men were in. Over in the Canteen a few stewards were squandering the last of their Canteen Tickets, for on the morrow they would have some cash, even if only for a few moments, and in the rooms, men were lying idly on their beds,

Whether as cheat or as sportsman you'll play.

Fate may betray you, but you settle first

Whether to live to your best or your worst.

So whatever it is you are wanting to be,

Remember, to fashion the choice you are free.

Kindly or selfish, or gentle or strong,

Keeping the right way or taking the wrong,

Careless of honour or guarding your pride.

All these are questions which you must decide

Yours the selection, whichever you do;

The thing men call character's all up to you!

thinking pleasant thoughts of the morrow while they simply rested, and listened to the radio. But, who is this who emerges from one of the upstairs room? We look up from the True Detective magazine we are reading and watch him go out. Is this Secret Service Operator No. 1550 we ask ourselves? Clad in a suit of woollens, and heavy rubber boots, he has also a white turban draped over his head, and a British warm over the whole outfit. Let us follow this man.

Down the stairs he walks, and into the room at the bottom. We shadow him stealthily, careful not to disclose our whereabouts, and we hear him feeling over the walls. Apparently thwarted in his nocturnal intentions, he turns and comes out again (while we quickly step into the shade of a convenient shadow) and walks out into the open air. No whit abashed, we follow him still, and he walks the length of the veranda, and enters another door, while we wait outside, knowing full well, that he will sooner or later emerge. True enough our detecting is correct, and he comes out with a disappointed look on his face. He pauses a moment as if in deep thought and then, with grim determination written all over his face, he walks quite quickly over in the direc-

tion of the Office, where he once again disappears. Hastily we summon our courage, and follow like Sherlock Holmes, we are loath to give up the scent, and we have visions of our name in the paper, and perhaps a medal to boot. As we near the office Building, we hear him coming down the stairs, and we once again step into the welcome shade of another shadow, while he passes. He stops; looks longingly at the Officers Mess and when walks over to the Canteen even though it is almost ten o'clock p.m. who is this man? we ask ourselves? Is he the Orderly Officer? Not in those trousers. He enters the doorway by the Canteen and we hastily follow, lest we lose the scent, and yet again he comes out. For a moment we lose the scent, but pick it up again just as he enters the last doorway in the R.C.R. block. Hurriedly we ran and catch up, regardless of our own personal danger, and we follow him in. Along the passageway he goes, and into the room at the end, us, in close pursuit. It is dark in there, but again we hear his hands feeling along something. At last, he speaks. "Thank the Lord" he says as we reverently bow our head. "There is some hot water in Barracks." and he proceeds to draw his bawth. Aw Heck"

we say to ourselves as we make our way back to our room. "Who wants to be a Detective anyway?"

"In Love and War."

(By Jack Paterson)

(With the kind permission of the Legionary)

PART II

"The runner said something. Red Bowen kind of grinned, and snapped a comeback. Like a flash Dunn stepped in and reached for the end of Red's nose.

"It was quite a hearty tangle while she lasted. Red ducked; Dunn missed; and they swapped a couple of good ones. Red ditched his glove, and took a nice hook to the ear in the meantime. Then they stood toe to toe and passed the wallops around with salt, pepper and mustard. They both found the fountain, and by the time the boys got to them, these army pals were clinched; bleeding what you might call profusely; and trying to gallop up and down each other's frame with their spikes.

"It was a terrible sight, and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

"The players pried them apart but the warriors still could talk. Red said something that looked hot. Dunn came back with it's brother. Red answered him; and suddenly they both cooled off like the sun going behind a cloud.

"Wiggling loose from their human anchors they started for the dug-out, tongues and hands busy handing out explanations and overhauling personal scenery.

"Tout fini,—unless I'm unlucky enough to meet either of 'em," was all that came from Swindle.

"Some of the crowd started razzing Dunn, calling him all kinds of a sore-head and a poor sport. Dunn and Red Bowen just grinned at the stands, then at each other, and went on talking.

"The game was over—no extra innings in a double header—and we finished our talk over a couple of T-bones, downtown.

"Clatette was the original cause of that little fracas.' Swindle told me. 'Remember when Dunn tried to steal her? I swore revenge, and the last in-

stallment, I not only remembered when Dunn TRIED to steal Clatette. I remembered when he stole her.

"This Clatette was a French girl, of course, and lived in Auchel. Maybe some of you know her Swindle was the 'bon-Homme' with her until he went broke in a crap-game and Dunn started feeding her champagne. Lack of funds queered Swindle and he figured he got a dirty deal. Maybe he did. Anyway, she was a nice girl, and Swindle lost her.

"Yes!' I told Swindle, 'I savvy that Clatette deal; but how did you know these bozos would fight on sight?'

"Well," he explained, 'I figured they'd mix it on account of that boot deal. You know; those Heinie boots.'

"About then I began to see things taking shape. The boot deal was also an old story and had happened just about, as we used to say, 'eum-saw.'

"Spring of '18. We were up the line and Heinie pulled a raid. It wasn't a success. The Lewis did it's solemn duty, and next morning there was a Jerry officer hanging on our wire.

"The rest of us saw the man but Swindle with, as usual, an eye for business, spotted the clothes that make the man.

"Fan on those boots!' he hollered. 'Soon as it comes dark they're mine.'

"Yours nothing they belongs to whoever gets 'em.' somebody else claimed; which was fair enough.

"We got our rum and stood down, but Swindle couldn't seem to woo the sand-man. They were nice boots, and he was worried about them.

"He stuck it until noon, when all was quiet, then made a sally. Crawling out a little sap—me very kindly covering with the Lewis—Swindle snaked himself through the weeds until he was under the Heinie stiff. There he lay on his back and unlaced the boots, expecting every minute to be sprinkled with hot lead, or have the nicely balanced Fritz crashing down on him. Nothing exciting happened. He got the kicks and crawled back in.

Swindle spent the rest of that day playing shoe-shine, and scheming.

"Next morning there was a wild old squabble at Company

Headquarters. A batman had carelessly put one of Lieutenant Dunn's boots too near a brazier and said boot was cooked to a boot-tee. The batman strongly denied having been so loose, but no need to tell you how big that went over.

"Later in the day Private Rogers arrived at the Company dugout with tears in his eyes and a pair of boots in his hand. I happened to be with him, as witness.

"He was sorry to hear that Mr. Dunn was without boots. He, Private Rogers, had a pair of boots that his aunt had sent him from home. Rather than see Mr. Dunn stuck, he was willing to part with these valuable boots for a mere one hundred francs.

"Dunn was in his sock feet, and wild. He raved and cursed, starting just below treason and ending with Lewis-gunners.

"Swindle suddenly changed his mind. He thought may be he hadn't better sell. His Aunt Helen, dear old lady, might find out that he had parted with her gift. Probably he had better keep them after all.

"Aunt Helen, blazes!" was Dunn's final burst; then he cooled

off and wondered if they'd fit him. "They didn't; but they at least went on, and Swindle got his hundred francs.

"It was that same afternoon that Dunn got hit. He came out of the dug-out without his steel lid contrary, of course, to army orders and the Hague Treaty. That happened to be the exact moment Fritz picked to consign us a covey of whiz-bangs. A piece of shrapnel took Dunn behind the ear. Dunn took the count. The stretcher-bearers took stock of the situation and later a tedious trip.

"While they were working with the casualty, Swindle happened along; and seeing Dunn, stopped to end a hand. The stretcher-boys had loosened all clothing as per custom but Swindle, being a lad of wide experience, applied his knowledge lower down. He unlaced the snug-fitting boots and removed them as a menace to proper respiration. Dunn breathed much easier, Swindle told me afterwards. I have an idea that maybe Swindle did too. 'Dunn didn't return to the Batt and, as far as I knew, that was the end of it.

"Now, it appeared, the case was



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re-opened, and I appealed to Swindle for the rest.

"Well, he enlightened me, 'I met Dunn in the 'Smoke' apres la guerre and he seemed to want information regarding those boots. In fact, he was rather insistent. It appears that when he snapped out of it down the line, he was in his sock feet. I was sore at Red Bowen right then for accusing me of selling old Randall's skate for beef-steak and I saw a chance to get square. I hinted to Dunn that the last I saw of his boots Red Bowen was strutting around in them.'

"No so bad,' I told Swindle giving the boy credit. 'But' I reminded him 'That's years ago.' Let's go down and see Red anyway. If he was wearing the boots he can't blame you.

"Then I noticed his queer little smile. 'Why you old hound, I yelled, 'Red never had those boots at all. No wonder he'll be sore!'

"Sure he had 'em,' Swindle admitted with a grin like a busted tomato, 'Red was a little down at the heel and I sacrificed them to him for fifty francs.



Inst. "Did you clean your boots this morning?"

Recruit. "No Sir."

Inst. "You did not clean your buttons this morning?"

Recruit. "No Sir."

Inst. "You didn't shave?"

Recruit. No Sir, and what's more I didn't wash my face this morning either, Sir.

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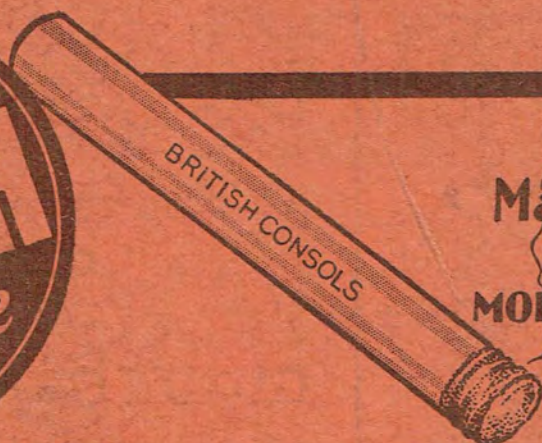
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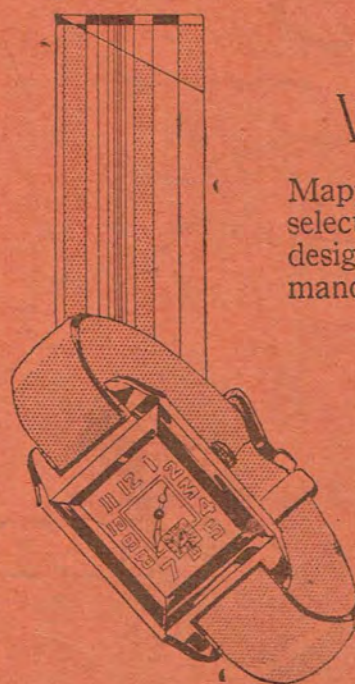
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